

HOME

By
GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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A Story of
Today and
of All Days

CHAPTER I

Red Hill was hemmed in by the breathing silences of scattered woods, open fields and the far reaches of misty space, as though it were in hiding from the railroads, mills and highways of an age of hurry. Upon its long, level crest it bore but three centers of life and a symbol—Maple house, the Firs and Elm house, half hidden from the road by their distinctive trees but as alive as the warm eyes of a veiled woman; and the church.

The church was but a symbol—a mere shell. Within, it presented the appearance of a lumber room in disarray, a playground for rats and a haven for dust. But without all was as it had ever been, for the old church was still beloved. Its fresh, white walls and green shutters and the aspiring steeple, towering into the blue, denied neglect and robbed abandonment of its sting.

In the shadow of its walls lay an old graveyard whose overgrown soil had long been undisturbed. Along the single road which cut the crest of the hill from north to south were ruins of houses that once had sheltered the scattered congregation. But the ruins were hard to find, for they, too, were overgrown by juniper, clematis and a crowding thicket of mountain ash.

On these evidences of death and encroachment the old church seemed to turn its back as if by right of its fresh walls and unbroken steeple it were still linked to life. Through its small, paneled windows it seemed to gaze curiously across the road at three houses, widely separated, that half faced it in a diminishing perspective. The three houses looked toward the sunrise; the church toward its decline.

On a day in early spring Alan Wayne was summoned to Red Hill. Snow still hung in the crevices of East Mountain. On the hill the ashes, after the total eclipse of winter, were meekly donning pale green. The elms of Elm house, too, were but faintly outlined in verdure. Farther down the road the maples stretched out bare, black limbs. Only the firs, in a phalanx, stood at the general spring cleaning and looked old and sullen in consequence.

The coils, driven by Alan Wayne, flashed over the brim of Red Hill on to the level top. Coachman Joe's jaw was hanging in awe and so had hung since Mr. Alan had taken the reins. For the first time in his five years of equal life the coils had felt the out of a whip, not in anger but as a reproof for breaking. Coachman Joe had braced himself for the bolt, his hands itching to snatch the reins. But there had been no bolting, only a sudden settling down to business.

For the first time in their lives the coils were being pushed, steadily, evenly, almost—but never quite—to the breaking point. Twice in the long drive Joe gathered up his jaw and turned his head, preparing spoken tribute to a master hand. But there was no speaking to Mr. Alan's face. At that moment Joe was a part of the seat to Mr. Alan, and, being a coachman of long standing in the family, he knew it.

"Couldn't of got here quicker if he'd let 'em bolt," said he, in subsequent description to the stable hand and the cook. He snatched up a pail of water and poured it steadily on the ground. "Just like that. He knew what was in the coils the minute he laid hands on 'em, and when he pulls 'em up at the barn door there wasn't a drop left in their buckets, was there, Arthur?"

"Nary a drop," said Arthur, stable hand.

"And his face," continued the coachman. "Most times Mr. Alan has no eyes to speak of, but today and that time Miss Nance struck him with the hatpin—member, coachman, his eyes spread like a fan, and out up his face. This is a black day for the Hill. Somethin's going to happen. You mark me."

In truth Mr. Alan Wayne had been summoned in no equivocal terms and, for all his haste, it was with nervous step he approached the house.

Maple house sheltered a mixed brood. J. Y. Wayne, seconded by Mrs. J. Y., was the head of the family. Their daughter, Nance Sterling, and her babies represented the direct line, but the orphan, Alan Wayne and Clematis McAlpin, were on an equal footing as children of the house. Alan was the only child of J. Y.'s dead brother. Clematis was also of Wayne blood, but so intricately removed that her exact relation to the rest of the tribe was never figured out twice to the same conclusion. Old Captain Wayne, retired from the regular army, was an uncle in a different degree to every generation of Wayne. He was the only man on Red Hill who dared call for a whisky and soda when he wanted it.

When Alan reached the house Mrs. J. Y. was in her garden across the road, surveying winter's ruin, and Nance with her children had borne the captain off to the farm to see that off-putting wonder and always welcome forerunner of plenty, the quite new calf.

Clematis McAlpin, shy and long limbed, just at the awkward age when woman misce being either boy or girl, had disappeared. Where, nobody knew. She might be bird's-nesting in the swamp or crying over the "Idylls of the King" in the barn loft. Certainly she was not in the house. J. Y. Wayne had seen to that. Stern and rugged of face, he sat in the library alone and waited for Alan. He heard a distant

screen door open and slam. Steps echoed through the lonely house. Alan came and stood before him.

Alan was a man. Without being tall he looked tall. His shoulders were not broad till you noticed the slimmest of his hips. His neck looked too thin. In a word, he had the perfect proportion that looks frail and is strong. As he stood before his uncle his eyes grew dull. They were slightly bloodshot in the corners and with their dullness the clear-cut lines of his face seemed to take on a perceptible blur.

J. Y. began to speak. He spoke for a long quarter of an hour and then summed up all he had said in a few words. "I've been an uncle to you, Alan. I've been a father. I've tried to win you, but you were not to be won. I've tried to hold you, but it takes more than a Wayne to hold a Wayne. You have taken the bit with a vengeance. You have left such a wreckage behind you that we can trace your life back to the cradle by your failures, all the greater for your many successes. You're the first Wayne that ever missed his college degree. I never asked what they expected you for, and I don't want to know. It must have been bad, bad, for the old school is lenient, and proud of men that stand as high as you stood in your classes and on the field. Money—I won't talk of money, for you thought it was your own."

For the first time Alan spoke. "What do you mean, sir?" With the words his slight form straightened, his eyes blazed, there was a slight quivering of the thin nostrils and his features came out clear and strong.

J. Y. dropped his eyes. "I may have been wrong, Alan," he said slowly, "but I've been your banker without telling you. Your father didn't leave much. It saw you through junior year." Alan placed his hands on the desk between them and leaned forward. "How much have I spent since then—in the last three years?"

J. Y. kept his eyes down. "You know, more or less, Alan. We won't talk about that. I was trying to hold you. But today I give it up. I've got one more thing to tell you, though, and there are mighty few people that know it. The Hill's battles have never entered the field of gossip. Seven years before you were born my father—your grandfather—turned me

out. It was from this room. He said I had started the name of Wayne on the road to shame and that I could go with it. He gave me five hundred dollars. I took it and went. I sank low with the name, but in the end I brought it back, and today it stands high on both sides of the water. I'm not a happy man, as you know, for all that. You see, though I brought the name back in the end, I never saw your grandfather again and he never knew.

"Here are five hundred dollars. It's the last money you'll ever have from me, but whatever you do, whatever happens, remember this: Red Hill does not belong to a Lansing nor to a Wayne nor to an Elton. It is the eternal mother of us all. Broken or mended, Lansings and Waynes have come back to the Hill through generations. City of refuge or harbor of peace, it's all one to the Hill. Remember that."

He laid the crisp notes on the desk. Alan half turned toward the door but stepped back again. His eyes and face

were dull once more. He picked up the bills and slowly counted them. "I shall return the money, sir," he said and walked out.

He went to the stables and ordered the pony and cart for the afternoon train. As he came out he saw Nance, the children and the captain coming slowly up Long lane from the farm. He dodged back into the barn through the orchard and across the lawn. Mrs. J. Y. stood in the garden directing the relaying of flower beds. Alan made a circuit. As he stepped into the road swift steps came toward him. He wheeled and faced Clem coming at full run. He turned his back on her and started away. The swift steps stopped suddenly that he looked around. Clem was standing stock still, as though it were still running. Her skirts were absurdly short. Her little fists, brown and scratched, pressed her sides. Her dark hair hung in a tangled mat over a thin, pointed face. Her eyes were large and shadowy. Two tears had started from them and were crawling down soiled cheeks. She was quivering all over like a woman struck.

Alan swung around and strode up to her. He put one arm about her thin form and drew her to him. "Don't cry, Clem," he said, "don't cry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

For one moment she clung to him and buried her face against his coat. Then she looked up and smiled through wet eyes. "Alan, I'm so glad you're home."

Alan caught her hand, and together they walked down the road to the old church. The great door was locked. Alan loosened the fastening of a shutter, sprang in through the window and drew Clem after him. They climbed to the belfry. From the belfry one saw the whole world with Red Hill as its center. Alan was disappointed. The hill was still half naked—almost bleak. Maple house and Elm house shone brazenly white through budding trees. They looked as if they had crawled closer to the road during the winter. The firs, with their black border of last year's foliage, looked funeral. Alan turned from the scene, but Clem's little hand drew him back.

Clematis McAlpin had happened between generations. Alan, Nance, Gerry Lansing and their friends had been too old for her and Nance's children were too young. There were Elton children of about her age, but for years they had been abroad. Consequently Clem had grown to fifteen in a sort of loneliness not uncommon with single children who can just remember the good times the half-generation before them used to have by reason of their numbers. This loneliness had given her in certain ways a precocious development which left her sublimely and shy even when among her sublimals. But she was shy without fear and her shyness itself had a flowerlike sweetness that made a bold appeal.

"Isn't it wonderful, Alan?" she said. "Yesterday it was cold and it rained and the Hill was black, black, like the firs. Today all the trees are fuzzy with green and it's warm. Yesterday was so lonely and today you are here."

Alan looked down at the child with glowing eyes.

"And, do you know, this summer Gerry Lansing and Mrs. Gerry Lansing are coming. I've never seen her since that day they were married. Do you think it's all right for me to call her Mrs. Gerry like everybody does?"

Alan considered the point gravely. "Yes, I think that's the best thing you could call her."

"Perhaps when I'm really grown up I can call her Alx. I think Alx is such a pretty name, don't you?"

Clem flashed a look at Alan and he nodded; then, with an impulsive movement she drew close to him in the half-wheeling way of woman about to ask a favor. "Alan, they let me ride old Dubbs when he isn't playing. The old donkey—she's so fat now she can hardly carry the babies. Some day when you're not in a great hurry will you let me ride with you?"

Alan turned away briskly and started down the ladder. "Some day, perhaps, Clem," he muttered. "Not this summer. Come on." When they had left the church he drew out his watch and started. "Run along and play, Clem." He left her and hurried to the barn.

Joe was waiting. "Have we time for the long road, Joe?" asked Alan, as he climbed into the cart.

"Oh, yes, sir; especially if you drive, Mr. Alan."

"I don't want to drive. Let him go and jump in."

The coachman gave the pony his head, climbed in and took the reins. The cart swung out and down the lane. "Alan! Alan!"

Alan recognized Clem's voice and turned. She was racing across a corner of the pasture. Her short skirts flounced madly above her ungainly

legs. She tried to take the low stone wall in her stride. Her foot caught in a vine and she pitched headlong into the weeds and grass at the roadside.

Alan leaped from the cart and picked her up, quivering, sobbing and breathless. "Alan," she gasped, "you're not going away?"

Alan half shook her as he drew her thin body close to him. "Clem," he said, "you mustn't. Do you hear? You mustn't. Do you think I want to go away?"

Clem stifled her sobs and looked up at him with a sudden gravity in her childish face. She threw her bare arms around his neck. "Good-by, Alan."

He stooped and kissed her.

With equal horror of putting up at hotels or relatives' houses, the captain upon his arrival in town had gone



"Clem," He Said, "You Mustn't."

straight to his club and forthwith became the sensation of the club's windows. Old members felt young when they caught sight of him, as though they had come suddenly on a vanished landmark restored. Passing gamins gazed on his short-cropped hair, staring eyes, daring collar, black string tie and flowing broadcloth and remarked, "Gee, look at de old spout in de winder!"

Alan heard the remark as he entered the club and smiled.

"How do you do, sir?"

"Hub!" greeted the captain. "Sit down." He ordered a drink for his guest and another for himself. He glared at the waiter. He glared at a callow youth who had come up and was looking with speculative eye at a neighboring chair. The waiter retired almost precipitously. The youth followed.

"In my time," remarked the captain, "a club was for privacy. Now it's a haven for bellboys and a playground for whippersnappers."

"They've made me a member, sir."

"Have, eh?" growled the captain, and glared at his nephew. Alan took inspection coolly, a faint smile on his thin face. The captain turned away his bulging eyes, crossed and uncrossed his legs, and finally spoke. "I was just going to say when you interrupted," he began, "that engineering is a dirty job. Not, however, it's a profession, after a pause, 'dirtier than most. It's a profession but not a career.'"

"Oh, I don't know," said Alan. "They've got a few in the army, and they seem to be doing pretty well."

"Hub, the army!" said the captain. He subsided, and made a new start. "What's your appointment?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Health Department's Novel Work. Health Commissioner Ruhland of Milwaukee is opening a series of free "diagnostic stations." The purpose of these stations is to give medical advice. No attempt will be made at treatment, but when necessary the case will be referred to a dispensary or to the family physician.

"What I hope to do," writes Doctor Ruhland, "is to train the public to the value of systematic, periodic, physical examinations as a preventive measure. I believe that it will be a great deal cheaper for the municipality to engage men for this diagnostic work than to maintain and enlarge expensive hospitals where the unfortunate are taken care of when it is too late, and where their further existence represents merely economic loss."

Danger From Above and Below. An old lady who lived alone outside a small English village was nervous of Zeppelins, so she made careful inquiries as to her best course.

"I don't think there's much to worry about," replied the vicar in answer to her questions, "but, if you like, you can do as some folk are doing—sleep in the cellar."

With profuse thanks, the old lady went on to alter her domestic arrangements. But in half an hour she was back again, anxiety once more wrinkling her brow.

"The cellar's all right for Zeppelins, sir," she said, "but suppose one of them there submarines comes in instead?"

New Don't. One absolutely guaranteed foolproof, safety-first, "don't" for hunters: Don't go hunting.

Kin Hubbard Essays

Miss Fawn Lippincut on the
"Menace of Good Housekeeping"

By KIN HUBBARD

A little smattering o' th' Home Makers' Club met in ordinary session, yesterday, in th' Queen Anne room o' th' New Palace hut-tel. After some seventeen or eighteen receipts fer rhubarb had been tabbed th' question as to what sort o' a girl made th' best housewife was thrashed out. Th' shop girl, th' college girl, th' girl with th' business education, an' th' tired hction lovin' girl with th' yeller neck an' big eyes were all free-

but th' average feller hain't lookin' fer a business partner when he goes after a wife. A girl that peels 'mashers, yesterday, in th' Queen Anne room o' th' New Palace hut-tel. After some seventeen or eighteen receipts fer rhubarb had been tabbed th' question as to what sort o' a girl made th' best housewife was thrashed out. Th' shop girl, th' college girl, th' girl with th' business education, an' th' tired hction lovin' girl with th' yeller neck an' big eyes were all free-



"After Some Seventeen or Eighteen Receipts for Rhubarb Had Been Tabbed th' Question as to What Sort o' a Girl Made th' Best Housewife Wuz Thrashed Out."

ly discussed till th' last cheese straw wuz gone an' th' tea wuz cold.

Th' sensation o' th' afternoon came when Miss Fawn Lippincut in a ringing address flayed her sex in round bell like tones that penetrated clean int' th' pool room. Miss Lippincut had not spoken an hour until her retreatin' chin an' red nose were entirely forgotten an' th' club members wuz completely carried away on th' wave o' her eloquence. Among other things Miss Lippincut said:

"There's all th' difference in th' world between a good dirt chasin' housekeeper an' a home maker. I don't care whether a girl has had a happy, care free lawn tennis college career or not, writin' a tall vertical hand won't make a happy home. A girl kin be up on Greek Mythology an' understand sanitation an' utterly fail in bollin' an egg. A girl with a thorough business education is just as likely t' miss a cob web or bungle up a eight-egg libbert art as a pampered daughter o' th' rich. She may be able t' cope with th' corner grocer's double entry system o' chargin'.

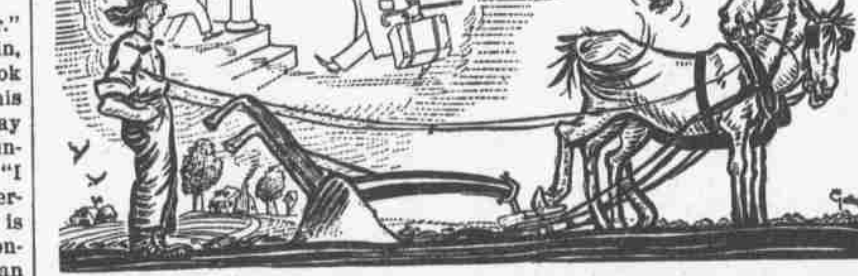
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Education, Plowing and
Problems of the Day

By KIN HUBBARD

Hon. Wick Peel, o' Bloom Center, Ohio, addressed th' members o' Bald Knob Grange, Number 28, at Melodeon Hall last night, takin' fer his subject, "Education, Plowin' an' Problems o' th' Day." After orderin' th' gallery windows raised he said:

"I will say without fear o' successful controversy that there is no longer any doubt that th' pillin' up o' tremendous fortunes an' then bequeathin' 'em t' colleges an' libraries is doin' much t' breed a dangerous sentiment



"Ever'buddy Seems t' Be Figgerin' on th' Day When They Kin Lay Down th' Shovel an' th' Hoe an' Pick Up Th' Suit Case an' Go. Ever'buddy That's Got a Job Considers It Only Temporary—That a Fine Position Awaits 'Em."

agin' plowin' an' other manual labor. Th' kin never be anything in common between enlightenment an' drudgery, an' th' less we know th' more bountiful will be th' yield from our fertile valleys. Surely th' young man who is educated an' reads th' advertisement pages o' our current literature haint goin' t' plow new land an' blow stumps very long when he kin take a fine position in a great city where th' life an' excitement.

"Ever'buddy seems t' be figurin' on th' day when they kin lay down th' shovel an' th' hoe an' pick up th' suit case an' go. Ever'buddy that's got a job considers it only temporary—that a fine position awaits 'em."

"You can't expect a feller that's diggin' a cellar or drainin' a farm, an' who sinks int' a chair ever' evenin' at th' close o' a hard laborin' opportunity an' reads o' hard fortunes by learnin' this or that, t' keep from bein' restive. Somehow a feller never likes t' hop right out o' college an' go t' work. He wants t' want t' look around fer a few years. An' it's gittin' so fellers without any education are gittin' th' same inclination from jist lookin' on. Th' seems t' be a growin' tendency 'mongst young men t' step aside till somethin' that jist suits 'em comes along. That's

what we git our solicitors an' politicians. With knowledge comes discontent. T' be poor an' educated is even worse than bein' rich an' dyspeptic. A fine education is like a fine tourin' car. You should not have either unless you are able t' take care o' th' upkeep. I wish I had my money with my brains is a common expression, an' every man with a fortune would give it all to be young agin, an' in a nickle-theater.

"But th' great question is, who is goin' t' do th' work after we're all educated an' holdin' positions? After our Poles and Hunyaks git educated an' discard their hobnailed shoes an' garb an' loaf around our great public libraries whose gobsin' t' take th' kinks out o' th' street car tracks an' do th' thousand other things that th' commonest American has long since passed up?

"As long as we educate people t' better things they'll try t' git 'em. Th' young man o' t' day hain't got time t' wait fer th' natural course o' events. No bottom o' th' ladder fer him. He wants t' git on from th' roof. Th' farmer that talks glowin'ly t' his son o' th' beauties o' Niagara Falls an' educates him t' believe it's th' greatest sight in th' world needn't be surprised if he gits up some bright mornin' an' finds that his son has flown instead o' plowin' fer oats. All knowledge o' Niagara Falls should be withheld from a son until he is well on in years.

"But, my friends," said th' speaker, as th' applause began to dwindle, "in spite o' any legislation or educational processes th' ole reliable law o' th' survival o' th' fittest cannot be repealed. It will be with us long after th' library an' ever' hill an' college, near ever' legislature, an' th' nonproducer will continue t' be a pensioner on th' gift o' th' state."

(Protected by Adams Newspaper Service.)

PLAYS SOLOMON WITH DEER

Judge Unable to Decide Who Shot Buck, So He Has the Animal Halved.

All day a lone deer, a three-pronged buck, was lying in an automobile in front of the new courthouse, awaiting Justice Willis' decision as to who owned the animal. The animal was shot a week ago in the wilds of Jackson mountain, and James F. Kearn of Beavertown claims he shot it, and swore

When Housework Drags

Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much-feared "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

An Ohio Case

Mrs. A. Barton, 361 North St., Logan, O., says: "I was in misery with dull pains across the small of my back and was confined to bed. The kidney secretions were in bad shape and I thought I would go in. I was at it for a week and my head ached terribly. After the doctor failed, I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and they restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Wretchedness
of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

After Wood

Most Powerful and Penetrating

Therefore GOWAN'S quickly. Goes straight to the spot. Relieves in 15 minutes. 25c, 50c, & \$1.

Rub GOWAN'S over the throat and chest. It promptly absorbs through the pores, relieving rapidly soreness, tightness or congestion. For sale by all dealers. Sample and testimonials on request. "GOWAN'S" is a registered trademark. The Gowan Medical Co., Concord, N. C.

GOWAN'S Rub-It-On

Best quality, black, color, novelties. Dealers prices. Samples sent, state blood silk. GALATIUS ELLIS CO., Box 256, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. It cures itching humors, restores color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists.

SILK

No Such Thing.

John L. Sullivan said in a temperance address in Chicago:

"Too many people are like the London navy. In London, you know, the sailors are only open now an hour in the morning, an hour or so at noon, and another hour in the evening. The navy didn't like it.

"No, the navy didn't like it, and he was expressing himself very forcibly about it one night at the Marble Arch, when a stranger said:

"But, friend, the workin' clawes need to economize these 'ere war times. Don't you know there's too much money altogether spent on unnecessary beer?"

"Unnecessary beer?" roared the navy. "Unnecessary beer? Why, there ain't no such thing!"

Foiled.

"Tompkins was around trying to borrow money today. I thought he married a widow with three or four millions."

"He did, and then discovered his sorrow that she intended to keep them."

Now They Don't Speak.

"He says he can read much in my face."

"Between the lines, I suppose," suggested the other girl.

Probably.

"I read a funny story about a hair in the soup the other day."

"Must have been a married hare."

Often Food
Makes or Breaks

It all depends upon the kind. A common cause of lessened vigor of body and mind is improper eating.

Food should be selected that will supply sound, well-balanced nourishment for the physical and mental forces, and this is richly supplied by Nature in the field grains.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

contains all the nutritive elements of whole wheat and malted barley, including the vital mineral salts lacking in many foods that make up the usual dietary. These elements are imperative for building sturdy brain, nerves and muscle.

Grape-Nut is economical, ready to eat direct from the package—pure, crisp and delicious.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers.

In earth's remotest corners, amid her busiest or most peaceful scenes, the call of Home is sure to come at last to millionaire and vagabond alike. And when they hear it, like Bodsky, they must go home or die.